

[red:mullet]



loco records
church street
chatham
kent

01634 818330

soul, jazz, funk, hip-hop...


This month we engage you in penile combat with the wicked Private Geoff Bendie and Lieutenant Luxton- Stiff, our sponsored scrotal sniffers, but more of that later!

Within this issue you can engage in some cutting edge articles exploring issues that other music press journals wouldn't touch with a bascule bridge.

We expose the illicit love affair between George and Dale, how to touch someone where you shouldn't and much more besides!

On a slightly more serious note we would like to say farewell to Chatham's only official Geordie couple, Mr Craig 'David Haddaway-you-black'n'white Bastard' Ames and his fine young lady Jo and also welcome Dr Daniel 'Give those decks to me' Chase, as Captain of Kent's finest venue.

Finally, here is some special news for those of you living in darkest Canterbury, look out for more info concerning [re:fried]'s new venture at THE UNITY!

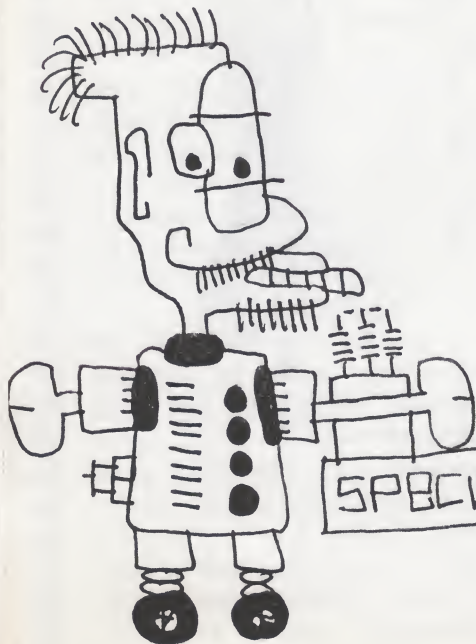


It is from our Throne of Golden Opinion that we bring you some of the best gossip this side of unconsciousness. Having cultivated a gaggle of Exaggerating Office Boys, we are now in a position to reveal some of the most impressive gossip concerning the illicit love affair between George 'I'm a School Master' Hedge and Dale 'I'm a bum terrorist' Winton. Our intrepid inspector, Claus Strickenbugler, disguised himself as a large bulbous monk. He managed to get past the soldiers of intimate discretion unnoticed, slipping through the corridors of smooth appearance he discovered George 'I'm a school master' Hedge's private parts!!!

To his dismay Claus realised that George's tackle of mass destruction had been severed and was dangling between the bum cheeks of Dale 'I'm a bum terrorist' Winton. In a vain attempt to recover George's genitals, Claus unfortunately slipped on his habit and presented his bear bottom to Dale 'I'm a bum terrorist' Winton. Who swiftly invaded his dirty bum forest with his almighty polished cock of human pleasures leaving Claus wet with wisdom.



THE HUSBANDS OF DELICATE PLEASE SURRO...



SPECIAL ARMS!

Welcome to a new regular feature, perfect partners. That's right we at [re:fried] have got together with our local old folks home and are allowing one lucky lady pensioner the opportunity to seek new friendships, possibly more, in later life.

Female seeking Fergal:

Hello, I'm a 65yr old hard of hearing bald female, who likes long walks in the country side, gardening, knitting, all types of music (as long as its country and western), Ford Sierra's, the name Fergal, tap dancing nude and Ramsgate.

I would like to meet a younger gentleman 16-20yrs old who looks like Dale 'I'm a bum terrorist' Winton, is sincere, a non-smoker and hung like a donkey.

If you think you fit the bill and can for fill my dream of tap dancing nude in my favourite club, then don't hesitate, call me now on 01234 567890, but remember I am hard of hearing so you might have to speak up!

It is that moment you have all been waiting for as we embark on another poetic outing. This month we have secured the literary expertise of the Exaggerating Office Boys, all of whom are hung like a collection of large bulbous monks.

Command Our Dusty Cattle:

If it were not for the young boys,
who settled on,
the vicars honourable kindness,
who would dare command,
our dusty cattle?

Only the oppressed citizen.
With parsnips as ears,
and oranges as testicles,
it is he,
who bringeth,
the mismanaged unnatural act.

Bend over as he exposes you,
to the special misfortune,
saved only for immediate family members,
and slightly unstable dullard's.

PETER PROPELLOR HANDS



LAND ON GREG THE POO
(AND GETS A BIT STICKY)

It is with much regret but a big cheesy grin that
black'n'white Bastard' Ames. If you missed the All
you missed a night full of bulging Geordie antics.
to dissimilar to the Perpetual School Master of Ir
nubile reptiles. Good luck for the future!



PIONEER CDJ-800S



open spread

we say farewell to Mr Craig 'David Haddaway-you-
stars night at the Tap'n Tin on the 11th April then
Mr Ames mooned the crowd in a euphoric manner not
rational Being, exposing his wilting stalk to young



PREMIER COJ-5003



spread open



WINTHROP SPURGEON



HE'S A PENIS SURGEON

Have you ever felt the need to touch someone were you shouldn't? Well on this page you can discover some simple tips on how to avoid those mismanaged unnatural acts that might result in egg on your face, or even more unsavoury, jelly on your scrotum!

Helpful business:

- (1) Disguise your hand as an elongated swede.
- (2) Establish an ample distance between yourself and your target.
- (3) Pretend you sleepeth with corrupt sailors.
- (4) Discuss the virtues of constipation.
- (5) Distract your target with tropical fish.
- (6) Apologise for the size of your best friends misshapen penis.
- (7) Strap a hatchet to your forehead.
- (8) Ride a bicycle nude.
- (9) Give the bar man a shilling.
- (10) Expose your special misfortune.

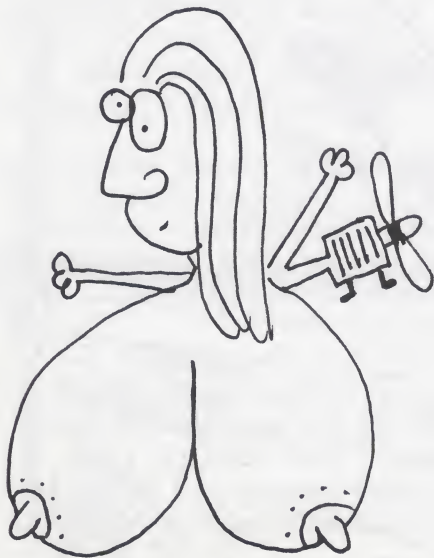
NB: Please do not attempt any of the above as this could lead to your arrest.

On a night out in early April three thirty something males were let loose in some of Maidstone's finest drinking holes. So excited were they of the possibility of being bored shitless they visited numerous pubs and quickly became inebriated. Now totally wankered they decided that to continue drinking would be fun so they entered a magical world full of shite music and exaggerating office boys.

Having battled their way through the crowd they took their position on stage, dancing like ladies to the beat of the Bulbous Monks anal drum. These lady like moves offended this percussive genius and he began throwing unwanted sperm at them. This upset our dancing queens so they began shuffling across the stage intamitently exposing their shrunken genitals. This act of defiance impressed the Monk so much he asked the three revellers to return every week and dance on his podium of civilised taste.

So, if you have not yet tried it, we recommend you try nude dancing in the corner of your favourite club.

THE WIVES OF HUMBLE EXTRA GRACE!!



CATERPILLOCK Goes Fishing



WITH UNFORTUNATE
CONSEQUENCES

BASTARD
SHIT
FUCKER



Those clever boffins down at the [re:fried] lab have come up with some absolutely smashing inventions in the past, but even Private Bendie & Lieutenant Luxton-Stiff were very impressed with this latest gadget, The Ornamental Bum Filter. This amazing piece of technology has been created to cope with the threat of bum terrorism. Especially after we heard about poor old Claus, not to mention George's misfortunes.

Our good friend Doctor Spurgeon first came up with the initial drawings on the back of a goats scrotum. Getting the goat to lie down so the engineers could read the plans was tricky but after gentle teasing the goat was compliant.

This special device serves two purposes, the first being to serve as a barrier against the advances of illegal bum terrorists, the second being an ornamental anal edifice that only slightly mutated celebrities would be envious of.

Order yours now!

invention

Private Geoff Bendie and Lieutenant Luxton-Stiff were sent on safari this month to track down the elusive Perpetual Schoolmaster of Irrational Being and discover the myths surrounding his mystical bum currants. Bendie and Stiff had to endure minutes of repetitive scrotal chaffing by the aforementioned school master, in order to obtain the secrets from his inner sanctum but they revealed fuck all. However, they enjoyed the chaffing so much they decided to stay for a bit more.

Upon leaving they bumped into Dale 'I'm a bum terrorist' Winton, who was trafficking a consignment of mystical bum currants. Slightly stunned, Mr Winton realised his fake tanned tackle was damaged and in a desperate attempt to make it better, he nestled several bum currants in his foreskin. Much to Bendie and Stiffs surprise the currants appeared to heal his tackle almost immediately, but whilst in his healing trance Bendie and Stiff alighted with a generous handful of mystical bum currants with healing properties.



jays displays
clerkenwell
london

020 7837 1377

commercial interiors

> [re:fried]

> the fourth friday in the month

> tap n tin

> railway street

> chatham

> kent

> 9pm - 1am

> also watch out for:

> JUGGERNAUT

> bank holiday monday 26th may

> the unity

> canterbury

> 8pm - 12pm

> beats, breaks, funk, soul, jazz, hip-hop and beyond...

more info: 0771 3919004 re.fried@virgin.net